ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

A POEM BY

M. B. BIRD

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THE VICTORIOUS.

A SMALL POEM

ON THE

ASSASSINATION OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY

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Wesleyan Missionary,

PORT-AU-PRINCE,
HAYTI.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

Expressive of the deep feeling in Hayti, on the arrival there of the news of the assassination of President LINCOLN. with slight historical notes on the Haytien Republic, and passing reference to the visit of the Hon. W. H. Seward, to Port-au-Prince, during the 17th and 18th of January, 1866.

This attempt to sympathise with a great People in the touching bereavement which constitutes the subject of the following lines, was prepared, and even forwarded to the United States, for publication, during the height of the National sorrow, but the hope of the Author, as to its prompt appearance, was entirely defeated by circumstances too painful for publication; the result, however, of this disappointment, has been the enlargement and present form of the piece. The first shock of this dreadful event has, indeed, passed off, but the horror which it inspired can never cease, nor will it ever be out of time or out of place, to call down the indignation of mankind upon so foul a crime.

The habit and practice of Public Meetings for the ex-

pression of the public mind, is not the Haytien custom, which is perhaps to be accounted for by the simple fact, that Hayti, as a Nation, is of French origin ; such, however, was, in this case, the extroardinary feeling which filled all hearts, as demonstrated, that something out of the common course was desired and sought, hence a Public Meeting on this lamentable event was called, in the Haytien Capital, to be presided over by an Official Dignitary ; nor is it to be for a moment doubted that the deep sympathy of the Nation would have been expressed on that occasion, in a manner that would never have been forgotten, but all arrangements and hopes, with regard to this attempt to express the universal feeling by the public voice, were unhappily swept away by the occurrence of an internal war, which became a great national calamity. This circumstance in all respects so much to be lamented, is partly, if not principally, the apology for the appearance of these pages, which now have to a great extent, for their object, to do, by means of the press, what disappointment prevented from being done otherwise, and giving a yet louder and more permanent expression of abhorrence, of the crime which poured forth such noble blood, to the shame and dishonor of the age.

But the painful failure referred to, neither alters nor lessens the fact, that the news of the assassination of the

President of the United States, filled Hayti with profoundest grief; the soul of the Nation was stirred to its deepest depths, and the heartfelt sorrow of the people was expressed in the most national manner possible; from the least to the greatest, the Government and Army, with the Senators, Representatives, and every other grade of office, assumed those outward signs of sorrow, which, in this case, was no mere outward show or form, but a full expression of the sincerest and profoundest grief of a people, to whom the name of LINCOLN will be ever dear, as both the representative and victim of the very measure, which gave them their own existence as a nation.

In fact, never was or could be, deeper or intenser sympathy felt or expressed, than that which was manifested by the entire Haytien Nation, at what has with propriety been termed, with regard to the present age, "the great event!"

Nor less deep or intense was the national horror of the Haytiens, at the fiendish attempt upon the life of the Hon. W. H. SEWARD, whose valuable life for a time seemed to be suspended by a mere thread—long and anxious was the suspense, until the full assurance that danger was past, in this case, reached these distant shores, while gratitude to God still rises from all hearts for the restoration to health,

strength, and usefulness, of one whose firmness and wisdom in the nation's storms, deserves the acknowledgments of mankind. Great was the joy of seeing this justly distinguished individual on the shores of Hayti, and in its National Palace, on the date already mentioned; while the deep regret of all parties was, that this visit was sudden and of such short duration—but the ease with which reparation might be made in such a case, affords the strongest hope of a speedy renewal of the same pleasure.

That President LINCOLN should have fallen alone, notwithstanding the infernal plan of murder embraced many others whose fall was also determined, is, to the believer in a minute Providence, significant; and seems to shew, however inexplicable to man, that but one sacrifice in this case was permitted by the Righteous Disposer of all things. Nor is it possible for a Christian mind, in this case, to avoid arriving at the conclusion of special and well-calculated design, on the part of an over-ruling Providence. The man who so long and so distinctly had prophesied the inevitability of the "irrepressible conflict," although so horribly hacked, by the fiercest and most deadly resolution, however narrowly, escaped. A secret shield was there; nor less apparent was the wise and firm purpose of Heaven, in the protection of the worthy and

distinguished successor of the lamented fallen one, with all those leading spirits, military and otherwise, whose preservation was necessary, in the hands of God, for the carrying out of that great work which had now become the unswerving purpose of the nation, and which must ultimately place the hopes and prosperity of the whole human race, upon the solid basis of universal and unbounded, yet well guarded, Freedom.

In fact, the salient points of this great tragedy would be worthy of a Milton's pen; and it is certainly to be hoped and expected that some fit mind will one day set in brilliant diamonds of thought and language, the full development of an event, which must, by its very nature, tell upon the entire interests of the world, by the utter demolition of an ancient barrier to all of great and good to man, which it has so triumphantly completed.

With regard to the piece to which these remarks are intended as an introduction, a simple apology for its poverty and imperfections might indeed have sufficed; yet the fact that it has been written in a distant land from the United States, and by a foreigner, as to the great Republic—although one of its friends—demands at least a word.

It may not, therefore, be an uninteresting fact, in connection with the following production, that it was conceived and

penned in the Republic of Hayti, of which the splendid Island, by some historians, has not unfitly been called, the "Queen of the Antilles," and which, in the present position of the great question of universal liberty, which is now before us, deserves special attention, as the field, where the first great struggle of modern days for freedom, in opposition to the slavery of our age, took place. Here French despotism was opposed and dared, by Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines, and many others, whose names must and will remain imperishable upon the page of History, as the great defenders of human rights upon the Haytien shores—not as revolters—this they were not; but as the brave and honest defenders of a liberty proclaimed to the world, and given to every slave attached to the French nation by the great French Republic of the last century, and which was ratified by all that a great and powerful people could do, to make such a pledge legal and just, but which was subsequently sought to be withdrawn, by iniquitous efforts at the point of the bayonet, and by means of some of the most powerful armies that ever left the shores of France—a fact which has ever been kept out of sight by the enemies of Hayti, and which has too often been forgotten even by its friends, while at the same time it unquestionably, and justly, removes the guilt of all the blood that was shed by the liberated masses, and places it inevitably upon those, who

were guilty of infidelity to their own loud and universally-heard proclamations. The remembrance of this great fact in Haytien history, changes the entire character of what is called, the great St. Domingo Revolution, and places the whole matter in a totally different light before the world. Nor is it to be mistaken, that the time is now come, when truth on the long-misunderstood struggles of Hayti must be fairly told.

That such a piece as the one here offered to the public, poor as it may be and is, should have originated in a country and element where Slavery has long been trampled under foot, and where Liberty is the highest glory, cannot and will not be surprising. Nor will it fail to be promptly understood, that the just and righteous proclamation of Liberty, by the great LINCOLN, must have produced unbounded joy amongst a people who, more than half an age ago, blew the same trumpet to the world—a sound which is no longer feared, for liberty is now understood to be the sacred gift of Heaven, in which is combined all of great and good to man.

It will not be surprising, therefore, that the Haytien heart should still beat true to liberty; she has indeed, much to mourn over in herself: nor is she blind to her own weakness-

es; it is only in the nature and order of things, that to such a Nation, the name of LINCOLN should be great and glorious, and that the murderous death which became his lot, should have been a subject of profoundest grief.

Nor have the Haytiens failed to recognize the mighty hand of God, in the raising up of one so singularly fitted for so holy and sublime a work. Minds are not wanting on these sunny shores, to discern, both in arms and politics, the hand Divine, or to see that LINCOLN's lustre and glory, was in the fact that he himself delighted to recognize the wise control of the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, in all human events; and that this was the great principle which gave strength and vigor to all his views and measures.

In Hayti, as well as on the continent of America, thousands, with the noble LINCOLN, have laid down their lives in the great cause of human liberty. So true it is that right amongst men, even in its simplest and plainest, yea, brightest form, requires rivers of blood for its establishment, yet not less in Hayti than elsewhere have the foot-prints of Divinity and eternal justice been seen, in the conquests and triumph of those sacred rights of liberty, without which man, both bond and free, ceases to be man.

Hayti is, and must be, the enemy of shackles of every kind, whether of body or of mind. Liberty is the soul of her institutions; and this remains emphatically true, notwithstanding so much yet remains to be learnt and done in this land, on the same great question of the working and carrying out of really free institutions.

The work of reconstruction in Hayti, after the demolition of a former despotism, fell to the lot of a former generation, of views on all subjects far behind the present time, and also under circumstances of the most unfavorable kind, which have only to be known to be understood; and yet, notwithstanding the gravest difficulties and the most conflicting elements, it is a fact worthy of notice, that Hayti has long been in advance of nations that might be named, both in the old and new world, on the great question of Religious liberty; hence it may safely be said that, under the Government of President Geffrard, religious freedom is unshackled in Hayti.

The military predilections and tastes of Hayti, have often by many been a subject of both astonishment and censure. A little reflection, however, would show that this has been the result of circumstances which would necessarily attach to a country which had wrenched its liberties from a greater power, and, for just reasons, dared not till long after disarm. Born as

a nation under arms, and that too, when the supporters of slavery all around her dreaded the self-liberated slave, and feared all contact with the elements of liberty, it is not surprising that, by living under arms, as her only means of protecting her freedom, she should ultimately become military in all her tastes and habits, so that her very reforms have been too often accomplished by force, instead of the power of free and open discussion, as among the Saxon branches of the human family.

Nevertheless, the manly spirit of the Haytien nation is prepared to appreciate the CROMWELLS, WASHINGTONS, and LINCOLNS of the past. Amongst her citizens, of all shades and hues, are unquestionably found men of decided mind and intellect; in truth, whatever there may be to regret as to Hayti, in reference to her general progress, it must be admitted, that she has shewn sufficient development of intellect and general intelligence, to settle, in the most unquestionable manner, the entire mental equality of the African mind, with the rest of mankind; and if, in a moral point of view, Hayti is a grief, even to the true and sincere Haytien Christian, as well as those of other shores, let it be remembered, how few Evangelical Churches from any quarter have cared for Hayti. In

this respect it must be admitted that both Europe and America, have maintained and persisted in an indifference which can neither be explained nor justified. Hayti has long been forgotten; too long has she been left by those who, by greater fidelity to their own principles as disciples of Christ, might have made her far different to what she now is, in a religious and moral point of view.

Nevertheless, the progress of events is closely watched in Hayti, nor ever were the movements of a great nation more anxiously and persistently kept in view, than were those of the United States by this Republic, during the great struggles which have now come to a close. The intense anxiety of Hayti, on the great question of slavery, will be much better imagined than expressed, and as Liberty seemed to rise gradually but gloriously, above the heaving sea of blood which it cost, so also rose the ardor and righteous enthusiasm of the Haytien people, until the mighty climax rose to victory.

Nor with less anxious joy and hope is the onward march of the same great people watched, now themselves unshackled. The past great victory over slavish despotism, and

the price in precious blood which it has cost, constitute the pledge of a sincerity which can never yield, and shed the light of glorious assurance over the future, from which all that man is capable of—or could desire—is unhesitatingly and without fear expected.

God has still kept the men of his right hand, for the complete carrying out of the great work which He himself, by their instrumentality, has begun in so signal a manner. He has placed and left them at their posts, for the defence of right; and a Nation, great and free, where uncorrupted Christianity abounds, bent alone on right, and firm in its execution, must become the hope and glory of mankind.

Truth and candour demand from every quarter that, so far as the course of reconstruction has, up to the present time, developed itself, the greatest hopes have already resulted—the fact that great Military Forces have been rapidly formed, and yet more rapidly disbanded, with the utmost safety to all interests, cannot be a useless lesson to mankind. Nor can the resolution of a powerful Nation, thus to enthrone Reason and Principle, as the only right arms for right government, fail to operate as a rebuke to that love of arms which has so often been the death of Liberty.

Nor are there wanting on the shores of Hayti, men that have caught the spirit of the age—hence her late great efforts to increase, by means of Immigration, her industrial population ; and if failure has in any respect attended this effort, it was not from any want of pecuniary sacrifice on the part of the Haytien Government, whose hearty good will in that laudable scheme was unquestionable. This, however, need be no ground of discouragement to any whose means might enable them to avail themselves of the genial climate and rich soil of Hayti. Wealth brought here, and well applied, would and must produce abundantly. Nothing can exceed in richness and fertility the Haytien soil.

The hope of Hayti is yet well-founded—she is full of intelligence, and her institutions are sound. Freedom now surrounds her on every hand, while the love of it is a fire within her : her people are deserving, and possess every desirable element. Rise she must. A power superior to man must and will come upon her, for the great God of events is already ruling human interests in an amazing manner, not only by the light and power of moral truth, but also by means of both Science and Commerce; an onward and Almighty power is urging on the accomplishment of ancient prophecy, which for ages past

has filled the world with the hope and assurance of brighter days for our long suffering humanity.

The Author of the following lines has had in view two things :—

First—To attempt the expression of his own thoughts and feelings on the horrid crime which has filled the world with sorrow,—an effort by no means easy.

Secondly—Having spent a quarter of a century in Hayti, he deems himself free to present the following thoughts to the world, as expressing, although imperfectly, the Haytien mind and feeling, on the subject which constitutes the text and matter of the piece.

It may not, perhaps, be deemed unsuitable to, or unworthy of, the course of thought pursued in the following production, that it should close with a reference to the manifest destiny of the great Anglo-Saxon family, with regard to the entire freedom of mankind, and the safe and full development of the true principles of government, as the only means of rendering all human organizations and communities sound and strong, of elevating mankind, and securing the happiness of the world.

Then let the two great nations of this branch of the human

family be true to thier sublime mission by being true to God and His truth. Let them unite to bless the world, by keeping their own gigantic powers true to Liberty and God. Let them fill the world with their mighty energies and untiring perseverance for righteous purposes : towards each other let them turn their swords into ploughshares, and let them send in powerful armies their self-sacrificing pioneers of Christ, Science, and all else that shall turn men from arms to reason, from darkness to light, from perdition to eternal life, and thus fill the world with the glory of God.

M. B. B.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti,
February 1, 1866.

"His virtues
"Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued, against
"The deep damnation of his taking off."

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

Ere reason yet my soul had form'd, or my
Young heart the sacred glow of truth had felt,
The horrid outlines of a shapeless thing,
A monster! sunk themselves into my soul.
Thought would oft labor to define this shape,
But all was vain, for it was shapelessness
Itself, incapable of aught, that touch'd
Of truth or right, or savour'd of human'ty;
A frightful concentration of all Hell
On earth; all of damnation possible,
Was in its own foul self pent up, raging,
With burning fury, to o'erwhelm the world,
And drown in fiery grief and deepest woe,
The weaker, and the helpless of our race;
Too base to face the faintest shadow of
Or right or truth, but with low coward heart,
Warring on helplessness, and seizing souls
Unarm'd, to feed the hungry maw of pride
And power; of men, thus making, lowest fiends.

Nor ever, as the light of reason dawn'd,
Could aught, my spirit of the monster rid,
Until at last, by God's eternal light,
I saw it was a fiend, out-stripping all
That mortals can conceive of power, or reach,
Or e'en imagination's strongest powers
Paint; a thing, even in Hell itself deem'd
Base, defying minds, of either earth or Hell,
To name it fitly, or shape out its form.

Yet chaos has a name,

And Hell's foul

Spirits, we call fiends!

But this huge monster,
In whom dwelt, "of every villany the sum,"
From fiends and men, the damning name of slav'ry
Hath receiv'd; a name, which ages of deep
Anguish and unfathom'ble woe, have taught
To mean all that could make up Hell itself
On earth, by rending ev'ry human tie,
Confounding all of God and truth in man,
Belying even nature's sacred laws,
And, by sheer ruffian av'rice, trampling out
Of human souls, the image which they bear,
Of Heav'n.

II.

And, as at last the torchof history

I held, I saw the horrid monster stretch
Himself o'er all the Continent of Ham.
Fangs, frightful, as of iron, forg'd and bent
In Hell, to seize and mercilessly tear,
Were all the limbs he had ; they were his power,
And numberless ; by Hell these burning
Fangs were sprung, with foul intent.

The basest
Of the fiends of Hell, a coward fiend, all
Fearing, but the mildest of our race, though
Blest with every element of man, with all
The springs and fountains of our Nature, full,
And form'd to rise to heights, that reach to God ;
Foul fiend, I saw him lab'ring hard, to quench
Immortal gems, and sink them in the mire
Of his own lusts yea, hard he labor'd to
Fill up the cup of his iniquities ;
Nor ever ceas'd, till all ran o'er, and rank
Damnation over hapless millions burst,
While Hell, long watching for its prey, rang out
With loud applause, and seeming triumph over
Heaven's eternal King, and oh ! how long !
Yea, even Heaven to my bounded sense,
Seem'd oft, as though she linger'd, to confound
The lies and despotisms of the earth,
Scourges and chains, and lacerated souls,
Through dreary years, fill'd the whole earth with groans,

Mingl'd with cries to Heav'n, shall Hell for ever
Triumph o'er the earth ? And yet these broken
Hearts, sigh'ng, would sink into the will of Heav'n !
Yea, the long ages of the past, have rung
Through bleeding generations, with the shrieks,
And wailings, of unutterable wrongs,
Confounding, striking mute, pulse, pens, and thought,
For utt'rance lost, of all confounding woe,
Which higher and yet higher swell'd, beneath
Those keener lashes, sent into the soul
By Doctors of the Cross, whose ardent el'quence
Was plied, to demonstrate that wrong was right,
And in the name of Christ, unchaining ev'ry
Fiend of Hell, to drive on Death, and send into
The deepest quick of souls, those woes, which only
Could invention find, in fi'ry av'rice
And pride, till infidelity and Hell,
Their dreary regions with loud laughter rung,
And sable savages themselves, heap'd curses on,
The only name to sinners dear ; and thought
The Christian's Paradise a Hell.
Great God !
Shall men of bloody hands thus preach thy truth,
And from the cross of love and justice, drive
The earth ? But yet I bow. Shall not the Judge
Of all the earth do right ? Nought can e'er change
The blest eternal truth, that God is love !

III.

Across the ages as I gaz'd, absorb'd,
I saw the fiendish monster spring his swarming
Fangs, and by one single effort, thousands
Wrench'd and tore away, from Fathers, Mothers,
Wives, all that on earth, to them was dear. Shrieks
Rose to Heav'n, till a whole continent, with
Howling rang, and floated in a mingl'd
Sea of tears and blood. Swords, chains, and lashings,
In wild fury clash'd ; all by infernal
Power whirl'd and driven on, so fierce the burning
Lust of bloody gain ; so strong that love of
Power, which rather would, o'er living chattels
Reign, than not at all. Low is the pride, which
Over weakness wields a tyrant's lash, and,
With annihilating power arm'd, struts with
Exulting daring, where no arms are fear'd.
Low is the trade which turns the writhing ag'nies,
Of helpless millions, into wealth ; which ease
Would wrench from anguish, which no heart could know
And live. All here of griet and woe, up to
Its highest climax rose, till dark despair,
Extinguish'd ev'ry cheering ray of hope,
And left them on the wretched level of
Mere things for sale, with all of thought and reason,
Dwindl'd to a vacant stare.

Nor less
The ruling despot, than the rul'd, here sinks.
His iron sceptre crushes his own soul,
Makes him a princely fiend, o'er man unsoul'd.
His greatest horror is true liberty;
He would be free himself, and thinks he is,
But Hell has put a lie into his mouth,
Which darkens all his sense. Unconsciously
He bows himself to chains, and is a slave.
His Heav'n is Hell; his bliss is woe, his right
Is wrong; his truth a lie; and lib'rty,
With him, is freedom to inflict and riot
In all woe.

Nature is here inverted
In her course.

Freedom, her power in the
Mighty masses finds; here is her source; she
Rises from the level of humanity,
Her roots strike deep into the common ground
Of men, and high her branches rise, above
All higher powers, which she controls and shields.

But slavery descends; she rises not.
She is the idol of the few; she loves
A height of power, from whence she ever seeks
To send upon the world such iron rods
As all approach to liberty of thought should dare,

And threaten overwhelming woe to all
Who would presume to call their souls, their own.
She from her elevation, long usurp'd,
For ling'ring ages in the groaning past,
Through all the earth, her with'ring blasts hath sent.

IV.

But Hell must lose her ancient hold on Earth :
Nor wanting are resistless and bright arms
For this great work ; arms, sharp as truth, abound.
Yea, Heav'n her well-stor'd moral ars'nals hath
On earth ; souls arm'd with mighty truth,
Are all we need, nor are they few, midst e'en
The lies of earth ; the rage of Hell has long
Been great; but He, " who rides upon the storm,"
Shall into silence look these daring pow'rs ;
Hope, rising into faith, stands on the lofty
Pillars of eternal truth, and tells of
What she sees ; and, while she gazes, doth
She feel the rapt'rous glow of yon blest Sun
Of Righteousness, now rising o'er the world.

Hence, as my spirit yearn'd o'er mortal woe,
I saw some bright ones nearing me, glowing
With truth, majestic, though of human form ;
Their air was dignity supreme ; their looks
Unswerving firmness spoke, but as they near'd,
All Hell, with deepest terror seem'd convuls'd,

And trembl'd at the power of their love.
They first on Albion's ancient shores appear'd;
Yea, now the mother of unheard-of woes,
Bows in deep shame, beneath their mighty weight,
And noble anguish, fills her mighty soul;
Fiends, both of Hell and earth, with laughter whip her,
Yet she owns her fault, and chains, by Britain
Forg'd, by her were hurl'd to their own place.

Hark!
The foul monster is disturb'd, his horrid
Roar, from countless int'rests is heard. Fury
And fire flash from ev'ry fang, till th' infernal
Regions quiver in the glare, confounded
And convuls'd with fear, for wreck now threatens;
And, at the loss of power and prey, Hell howls,
Aghast. Oh! the grand terror at the forms now seen!
The hideous monster, writhing, once more stretch'd
Himself upon the hapless prey, to feel
If yet his power liv'd; all Hell yet louder
Roar'd, for now long dreaded light pour'd in apace,
And brought to open day dark scenes,
Which prov'd the presence of such deadly el'ments,
As wither every noble spring in man,
Earth's heaviest curse, which at all human hopes
And glory had long struck, and like a serpent
In its bowels, the main springs of pow'r and greatness

Gnaw'd; a moral leprosy, into the
Nation's vitals, digging deep, defying
All of mortal art to cure. Hope here expires;
Either the patient or disease must die.
Here, mercy doth her work complete, by flight,
To save a life so foul, were but to curse
Mankind. Let Death devour it, and Hell
Again reclaim, her wretched own.

But oh!

The dread convulsions of expiring power!
They shake the earth, they turn men pale! E'en Death
Her mighti'st power here needs; one stroke alone,
Though terrible, would fail; the roaring foe,
In madness, threatens to devour Death
Itself: hence fury and defiance, seek
Their arms, but truth stands mildly firm, unmov'd,
She only wills, and it is done; in vain
They dash upon, immutability.

Yea, the blest forms, whose calculating steps
Are heard, fill all with terror and dismay,
Their peaceful looks, like pointed daggers pierce,
Thus warding off the wily blows of pow'r.

In pangs, the sightless huge one reels, and writhes,
Dismay and anguish, all his being rend,
He feels the mighty power of his fate,
And reads it in the placid brow, of those

Now nearing him. Quailing, he sees them firm ;
The arms of truth now glitter in his sight ;
Their gleams intense, run through his cow'ring soul.
Grand moments, when eternal right looks down
On wrong !

He pauses, stands confounded at
Himself; first pause, for suff'ring ages past !
But thought is horrible in sin's career.
In crime, ease, in its whirl alone, is found,
Hence, welcome thrice. the din and clang of arms ;
Too oft they drown'd the voice, of reason and
Of God ; yea oft the madness of mankind,
Puts out the lamp of truth they meant to trim,
And slays the very truth they meant to save ;
But immortality is here ! Right, truth, and light,
When slain, die not ; they only stoop, in mightier
Conquest, still to rise !

V.

Another scene unfolds.—
The wheel of time, has spun round fifty Suns
And more, since this grand impulse struck the int' rests
Of the world ; the day of light and liberty
Has come, and mocks the iron sceptres of
The earth.

Hence, onward comes the mighty spir't
Of the age ; he nears, and now the monster's

Final rage; arm'd with unbounded courage.
Through a heaving sea of woe, he wades,
A giant soul, of lofty bearing, and
Strung up with truth, majestically simple
In his air, he thinks, as in the presence
Of his God, his conscience rein'd; thrice worthy
The blest name he bore of him, whom all the
Faithful, Father call. Faith in the Infinite
He had, and watch'd the eye that guides. Truth was
To him a Sun, which lighted all his soul,
Shap'd out his course, and led him to those heights,
To which his elder Washington had rose;
From whence, with Sun-bright clearness all within
Him saw, that foul idolatry of wrong
Must cease; yea, that a nation's eye, at once
Must be pluckt out, and all the reas'ning of
Past ages must be now struck mute. To pause,
Or hesitate when Heav'n speaks, is crime;
Nor time is now for pause, the nation bleeds.
Yea, well he saw, the stroke must now be giv'n,
The bloody Moloch of the age must fall,
The pride of power, that mows own life at will,
Must cease, the only sov'reign now to reign
O'er men, is Right! Truth her own throne must seize;
Whoever dares her Heav'n-born power, must sink.

Welcome this glowing spirit of our age.
Throughout his well-toned soul he long had felt,

That liberty and chains, or liberty
In chains, is false, is death; her bounding life
Is in the range of truth, nor ever doth
She seek to leap her bounds, she knows that all beyond,
Is chaos, death and Hell.

What'er the age
Of Patriarchs, Greeks, and Romans, may have mark'd,
Or thought of homesteads, or of human lot,
The tide of mortal thought has onward roll'd,
And left behind the fetters of the past;
On modern days, a flood of light has come,
With pow'r, now spreading through the masses of
Our race; the Eagle of antiquity,
Liv'd on the solitary rock, in chains,
But now he soars aloft, free as the air,
And o'er Columbus' late-found shores, he watches
With an eager care, waving his noble
Wing, over the widespread realms of liberty
And peace.

Freedom is now the element
Of man. Woe to the nation, dashing on
This rock. Inevitable wreck attends [free!
Her course. Thought, tongues, and pens, must now be
Nought, nought within God's realm of truth and justice,
Can be bound; grand truths, which arm'd the hero
Of the age.

Hence to the height of his great task,
The mighty LINCOLN rose, and broke the fetters
Of our modern days. His soul, now rob'd in
All the majesty of truth and right, arm'd
With the nation's will; he to the un'verse
Proclaim'd that liberty, long-fettered, now
Was free! Angelic hosts, as well as men,
With rapturous applause, renewed the song,
Which charm'd the ancient shepherds of the plain,
When they the tidings of great joy on earth
Proclaim'd, which e'en yet all nations fire
With ardent hope.

But oh! when Hell these raptures
Heard, the fi'ry Legions of the reeling
God, like thunder from the lowering clouds
Broke forth, o'erwhelming and confounding all,
Till earth itself, beneath their ravings shook;
All men look'd on aghast, while this volcano,
From its flaming crater, hurl'd the burning
Bolts, of pride, hate, bloody tyr'nny, and death,
As though the deepest curse of Hell, or dark
Annihilation, were revenge too small,
For souls that dar'd to speak of truth or liberty.

But the great soul which held
The nation's helm, amidst the rage and roar
Of bloody strife, stood firm, unmov'd, and to

His righteous purpose fix'd, he saw, and read
In crimson characters the will of Heav'n,
And in the nation's woes, he heard the voice
Of God, a voice heard by his heart, and to
His soul well known. He listen'd, not with ears
Alone, when Heav'n spoke, but all within
Him saw, and heard, and felt, the will divine.
Henceforth he rose to heights beyond himself,
And with him, bore the nation's swelling soul,
From whence the grand, the universal shout
Of liberty went forth, which rung through ev'ry
Region of the earth, out-roaring far the
Flaming monsters of the battle field, where,
In mortal conflict, right and wrong, each
Other face.
Hard by, upholding the great
Captain of the day, stands with a firm-knit
Brow another giant soul, who to th' earth
Had long proclaim'd, "a higher law." Burning
With truth, he cheers his chief, and waves before
A Sov'reign people Freedom's loyal flag
Of universal right and liberty!
A Steward, faithful to his lofty trust,
Immoveable in Heav'n's high'r will.
A Pilot worthy a great nation's hope,
Midst threat'ning reefs, he steers the nation's barque,
And clears her of the rocks; of foreign war.

His country's right-hand man, whose soul is bent
On tearing out the long-lodg'd cancer from
The nation's heart, and raising it by force
Of right, to all that mortals can desire
Or have of honor, power, prosperity,
And peace. The sword he bears not; but the might'er
Weapon, from whose point a stream of thought
Flows forth, he wields, nor to mere bounded armies
Doth he speak; rather he pours his thoughts o'er
All the earth, and tells the list'ning nations
That his people mean for ever to be
Free, by breaking chains which bound the freeman
To the slave, and wither'd of his being,
Ev'ry pow'r and hope.

Poster'ty shall bless
The Sewards of our age; men that break down
All barriers that oppose the march of right,
That look o'er all the Earth, and sigh to see
The masses of mankind still wrapt in night.

VI.

Immortal LINCOLN! the whole Earth at thy
Great name already thrills, the voice of Heav'n
In thee is heard, nor dost thou even thy
Own will perform. A higher will than thine,
Thy reason rules, yet nought in thee suspends.
Ages beyond us, shall with joy upon

Thy front, read with delight

"The sent of God!"

Nor aught

More clear, was ever, by the pen Divine,
Upon the page of history inscrib'd.

He, who the will of Heav'n to his own
Prefers, and a whole nation bows before.
The Infinite, who dares all wrong, though arm'd,
By all that wealth, thought, power, or steel could do
To shield him in all human wiles, watching,
With iron resolution, the fix'd hour,
For the grandest stroke, by mortals ever
Giv'n; who th' impossible attempts, leaning
On high Omnip'tence, and tells the mountain,
Tow'ring in its pride, to haste, and cast itself
Into the sea; whose faith and courage bids
The long thought sun of human interests,
Stand still, and at his fiat, as the nation's
Will, starts ev'ry bolt and bar, that for long
Ages, all of mortal power and greatness
Had employ'd to shut up human energies
Within set lines, describ'd by lashing despotism,
And lets the boundless wealth of intellect,
Of commerce, truth, and right, burst on the world,
Consolidating well, his rear, in all

The well-won triumphs of his brilliant course;
And to eternal justice binds mankind,
Holds out to all the gazing Earth, credentials
Beyond reasoning clear, as straight from Heav'n,
Written with brightness, stronger than the Sun.
Amazing pow'r, grand warrant from the skies,
Nor ever was the people's power abus'd!

Thus was our modern Moses taught, and train'd
By Heav'n, for his great work; the spring of all
His being was his faith; his power was
Eternal truth, not vague philosophy,
Nor that which only dazz'ling light imparts,
But that which, like an anchor, holding to
The rock, defies the tempest and the storm.

Unfathomable myst'ries in the ways
Of God he own'd, but well he knew, the millions
Held in chains were only there to show forth
That high power which brings out the glories
Of Omnip'tence; nor did he fear the sea,
Though red with blood and deep; he knew the waters
Would divide, and make the way, for all the
Hosts of God to pass triumphantly. Yea,
Well he knew the Pharoahs of the age must
Sink, engulf'd in their own crimes, by their own
Madness overwhelm'd.

Full oft doth Heav'n thus to earth, by her own
Chosen servants speak. In olden time, God
Talk'd with man, and then proclaim'd, "Thus
Saith the Lord"! But in our modern day, Heav'n
Speaks full oft by mortal interests, by Press,
Yea, even by politics, by science, commerce,
Above all, by honest truth—she sends through all,
When mortals least expect, by her own sov'reign
And resistless will, such grand electric
Shocks, as thrones, and powers, and slavish tyrants
Hurl into the dust. Chance through these lab'rinths
Could never wind; nor aught is truer, than
That she is blind; Woe to the blind she leads.

Foul, shallow infidelity may scowl,
And in her sordid sphere find various springs
Of action, temper'd here on earth.

God touching human hearts, or whisp'ring to
The soul, creates an empty smile with unbelief,
But whispers from blind chance; and voices out
Of nothing are well heard, and have a charm.
Let but that nothing, only something be,
And all is vision'ry, or nothing heard.

Ah! in our faithful nature, lies deep hid,
"A higher law," and even earthly springs,
Are oftimes temper'd by a power Divine;

Behind these mortal scenes, there is a hand,

And springs that human thought finds hard to trace.
Each mighty globe, proclaims Omnipotence,
Nor less, each atom which makes up its bulk,
The nations are not into tempest toss'd
By sheer, dark blindness, having nought in view.
The Lincolns of all ages, serve a higher
Power!

VII.

But oh! as now the sent of Heav'n advanc'd
The monster, with all Hell from its profoundest
Depths again is stirr'd, and now the mighty
Conflict, to its climax swells. Heart-rending
Sight!

Before these awful masses of mankind,
As they in dreadful might, beneath their glitt'ring
Spears, drive o'er the foe with rending shouts of
Agonising victory, mingling
With the thundering cannon's roar, lost in
The smoke of their own strife, and wading through
Deep rivers, rolling out of human veins,
By dying Brothers, gasping in their blood,
Urg'd on. Mankind might well turn pale.

But nought
Our modern Moses moves; the rock he knew

Would send forth living streams; the rod
He needs not, faith with him alone strikes home,
And well he knows, the rock of truth will yield,
To all obedient faith; he knows the mountain
To his faith will bow.

Hear him ye nations
Of the Earth, ye foul idol'ters of hellish
Power, and, as ye listen to the deep ton'd
Justice of his soul, tremble, for your great
Moloch now must fall.

"The price of blood, which
"We unrighteously from sable viens have
"Drawn, must by the nation be paid down."
Pure was the fountain of this righteous thought;
The honest heart that gave it birth, felt right,
And in the sons of Ham, full men beheld,
Now demonstrated at the cannon'smouth!

Nor could, nor did eternal justice yield
Its righteous claims: hence a whole nation in
Deep mourning clad, where thousands of maternal
Hearts are pierc'd, and bleed, where the great fountains
Of a people's grief pour out, in rivers
Of both tears and blood, their mighty woes, eager,
Mid'st all that wrings the nation's soul, to pay,
Though dear, the awful debt, to God and man:

Sighs from the nation's broken heart rose up
To Heav'n. Before the Infinite she bows,
And weeps, then kisses the blest hand that smites.
Yea, mid'st the din of war, writhing, she owns
Her God, His sov'reign justice feels, and in
Her faithful ABRAHAM, sees His will.

Draw near,
Ye iron spirits of the age, which steel
Prefer to truth!—ye worshippers of power,
Who nothing see but in the sword, come see
A people's power, concentrated in one
Arm—their will!

A mighty federation,
Bound, and arm'd with Christian truth; a phalanx,
Fronting old errors, by the power of light.
Nought of the gorgeous here is seen, or dares
Approach. The robe of ceremonious pomp
Falls off, and, dropping, brings out naked princ'ple
To view, apart from useless, antique rites,
Or wither'd prestige of antiquity.
Justice and simple truth, well reasoned out,
In grand omnipotence, stand boldly out,
And safely work the nation's faithful helm.
Nought more sublime—a people, sov'reign in
Their will, yet list'ning with intense suspense,

To one great soul, who in his turn, with firm
Unswerving step, seeks out, pursues, and brings
To bear, his country's thought; the whole thus forming
One grand heart, with but one high and lofty
Purpose kept in view—Truth only, and nought
Else, which surely shapes the nation's glorious
Course, leading it on to highest victory.
Thrice happy blending of the elements
Of power, where those who order, and who ex'cute,
Are one; thrice happy bond, showing at once
True union is true power. Yea, happy are
The people, whose acknowledg'd chief, fixes
His eye, upon the guiding cloud by day,
And when the deep dark night of sorrow comes,
Still sees the faithful Pillar flaming on
Before; nor heeds, nor follows aught beside,
Philosophy is but a rushlight flame;
Nought but eternal truth commands his thought:
This is his glorious Sun, his polar star.

VIII.

The conflict rages still; and armies, like
The billows of the deep, each other whelm.
Men on to deadly conflict rush; and through
Each other drive, while from the mortal strife,
The smoking, sacrificial blood flows forth,

Forming atoning rivers, for the ages
Past of crying sins, till e'en the greedy earth
Is glutted, and can drink no more ; yet still
This crimson sea of deepest woe, rolls on,
And as it dashes o'er the tow'ring rocks
Of daring pride, covers the wond'ring nations
With its fearful spray. Earth is amaz'd, until
At last the righteous climax seems to near ;
Justice, in majesty, her own omnipotence
Puts on, and at injustice hurls her all
Confounding pow'r. Here, then, the hand Divine
Is visible, and clear the voice of God
Is heard. Hell from her deep foundations shakes !
Fain would she flee away ; but where ? All know
The voice they hate, and fiercely gnash at him.
They cannot love.

The mighty monster rages,
But the chains he forg'd, are now upon him.
All had he dar'd ; but well he knew, that he
Who bore the sword, was the great power of God.
Deep darkness he had loved more than light—
A guilt made fouler by the light possess'd ;
Yea, from the blest materials of pure truth,
A fortress in defence of lies was rear'd,
To shield the palaces of pomp and wealth,
Where guilty ease on unknown anguish lean'd,

And highest pleasure danc'd on deepest woe.
Gigantic were his purposes and plans,
While daring were the hopes of power and pride.
Hence, hard he sought to stretch his magic wand
Both far, and near; yea, long the neck of lib'rty
Had felt the crippling power of his cloven foot,
Till Freedom's noblest interests had began
To feel the blasting influ'nce of his damning
Power.

Ah! say not Charity has fled, when Lib'rty
Speaks thus; for she can nought of truth e'er change.

But LINCOLN now is in the hands of Heav'n:
He comes, full arm'd to do his Master's will;
Nought of the tempest in his soul is seen;
His high commission he has calmly read,
And to the post, by Heav'n assign'd, stands firm.
The foe, with Christ upon his lips, his laws
Had dar'd, and every murmur into silence
Lash'd, till all of man by iron hoofs was
Trampl'd out. The frown of high Omnipotence
Throughout his being now sends rending thrills;
And overwhelming terror all confounds.
He quails before those piercing looks which dart
Upon him; from the throne of Right and Truth,
Nought but Omnipotence had sunk him thus.

Thus in all ages have the burning crimes
Of men become the fiery rods which oft
Have through their guilty souls sent dreadful strokes.
They their own souls have lacerated, whipp'd
And torn—they their own liberties have stabb'd—
They, the fierce fires of their self-made woes
Have lighted up; passions conflicting have
Ignited and blown up; and sceptres, honours,
Hopes, and wealth, have been sent whirling into
Very nought.

On earth, our laws and int'rests,
Mutual are: our happiness in others
Dwells. We our own wealth create when others
We enrich; and they themselves enrich by
Making us abound; nor are we free, while
Others are in chains—nor throats, nor purses
Are secure beneath the lash. Woe to the
People free by others' chains: So is the
Wealth of mind; a nation where the powers of
Thought are free, roaming through all the realms of
Light and truth, where infancy unchain'd is
Train'd for God; her boundless stores e'en yet augments,
By pouring out on others all she has.

Oh! fearful sight!

A nation fill'd with light,
And truth of God, thus turn'd upon itself,
And its own vitals tearing out, arm'd with
Unheard-of powers, to chastise itself,
So great the crime, of closing eyes and ears
And hearts to the loud warnings, sounding from
The generations past.

Sin is an Achan
In the camp of God ; annihilation
Is its only cure ; its presence cannot but
Awake our fears, whatever be its form—
Whether it clogs the nation's laws, or checks
The soaring of its soul, or whether yet
It sinks a portion, by a weight of chain,
And sends the other to fictitious heights
Of daring power, tyranny, and pride.
Sure whirling ruin must come on at last.

Ah ! this was seen by one of gone-by days,
Who, from the lofty heights of truth and right,
To which he had attain'd, to future generations
Loudly prophesied his rending fears for
His own people's sins ; to his clear vision,
Scenes of calamity and woe stretch'd out.
Hear him—his voice still rings through all our souls;
He knew the price which mortals pay for wrong ;
He knew that light and tyranny could never

Blend ; he knew that goods and chattels ne'er could
Be men ; yea well he knew, that liberty
Or death must reign, whatever blood it cost.
Nor ever, long as time endures, can those
Grand sounds of thrilling truth die out. Live, live !
Eternal truth !

" I for my country tremble,
" When I think that God is just, and that His
" Justice cannot ever sleep !"

Thy judgments,
Oh ! Eternal, are a deep unsoundable !
Great God ! thy people spare, nor let thy righteous
Indignation ever burn.

IX.

Pause we here !
Silence significant—a moment reigns.
These mighty armies by grand thoughts are still'd,
The monster moves, and in prophetic silence
Writhes, nor aught dares utter, but he feels despair.
His firey fangs fall off, his powers reel,
His battlements are shiver'd with the shock,
His sceptre droops, and all within him fears ;
The towering pride of Lucifer, comes down,
The sword of Justice to the quick has reached,
And to his ruin now he opens eyes and ears.
Throughout the earth his rending roar is heard ;

He raves, and to the ancient mountains calls,
" Come, cover me, and hide me from the wrath
" To come. My power is gone, earth even seems
" To fly beneath my feet—all, all is gone.
" The centre of my power is overthrown,
" Its mighty fulcrum is for ever sunk,
" My capital itself, dread Liberty
" Has seen ; great Abraham himself has march'd
" Her streets. Oh ! could I die—Can ye do nought
" For me, ye hills? Can ye not fling o'er me
" The soothing mantle of your earth? O ! no,
" I cannot fly myself ; annihilation
" Would be truly sweet ! but immortal'ty
" Clings fast to me."

Where shall this monster fly ?
Even the earth was yet too small for him.
Hence, mountains falling on him were mere nought ;
Earth then, even though foul, is not his place.
He sought a momentary shelter here,
And while deep night o'er all the earth yet reign'd
He sold and tore up human souls, with ease ;
But now the day of liberty has dawn'd,
Nor can he breathe beneath its righteous Sun.
Let then the monster into blackness haste ;
Hell only is his range ; yea, his own place.

Where else, with aims and hopes so foul and vast,
Shall he now fly ? He in the pride of pow'r
Had dar'd the Eternal in the friend of Liberty ;
He to the servant of the Holy One
Had turn'd the dagger of his hate. Death was
His price for Liberty ; the motto of
His realm was, Death to Liberty ! Nor dar'd .
She in her own name near his fatal shores,
The Upas tree of tyranny was there.
Nor could the soul of Liberty abide
Its deathly power ; the very element
For her was Death ; hence scenes of woe and horror
Cover'd the guilty land ; its cries rose up
To Heav'n.

But now, the monster Parent
Of these rending scenes is fac'd by Liberty.
Yea, she now dares his ancient power. See how
He quails before the power he had dar'd.
The hour of glorious Liberty is come ;
She hurls defiance at the ancient power,
And at his threat'ning frowns she calmly smiles ,
Eternal Pow'r has cloth'd her with his might ;
Nor is the monster blind—he sees the hand
Of God ; yet how, or where sha'l he escape ?
How fly the earth, his ancient seat so lov'd ?

How all the sweets of power now give up?
Not e'en in Hell such height of power lives.
Foul as the infernal regions are, and with
Damnation black, they never rung with deeper
Woes, than by this Hell-'scap'd monster had been
Pour'd on earth. How quit a power so great,
And to a fiendish heart so sweet?—a power
By which all horror to its grandest climax
Is brought up. The pride of power reigns in Hell;
But here the weak are sought; and power well wielded,
Can to its highest summit raise our pride,
And by unceasing lashings, well sustain
It there. How leave the pleasures of such bloody
Wealth?—leave such vast riches, and retire to hell!

Yea, fly he must, and shall; no matter how.
Light now breaks forth on all the earth; hope in
Full glory springs; the dawn at last appears;
The masses now begin to feel its power,
And, rising, break all chains of despotism.
Much hath already been expell'd from earth,
And tyrants from their thrones have been brought down.
The days of iron rule have well nigh fled;
Nor can this monster of iniquity,
This terrible embodiment of boundless
Crime, escape; earth cannot shelter him. Light,
Truth, and liberty are free; they bless mankind,

And though their march e'en yet is slow, 'tis sure.
This monster cannot hide himself on earth ;
His long dark night now flies before the day,
Yea, let him with his worshipp'd darkness fly.
Hope of another realm on earth, has fled.

The mountains now, to him afford no shield,
And if they could, 'twere but a moment's pause.
Nay, from the very earth he must depart
The whole sublunar region spurns him from
Its realm. Where'er the powers of darkness dwell,
There let him fly ; earth now has shook him off ;
To his own hell let him at once depart.

Only one door of dismal hope he sees ;
But oh ! ere yet he leaps from earth, so lov'd,
Where honor, wealth, and power, laid at his feet,
On yet another foul, and final effort,
He resolves.

Spirits, of powers are possess'd.
To mortals hid, they fly upon the wings
Of thought, and from the regions of the blest
Or damn'd, whether we wake or sleep, walk oft
The earth, on purposes of good or ill ;
Or stretching far, or dwindling to a point,
Hence, like the wily spirits of the deep.
Though vast, this monster from his measureless
Dimensions draws his powers up into

The narrow limits of a human soul,
And seeks the one best fitted for his dark
Design ; nor, alas, searches long the wretch.
Now found, he by a fearful power unknown
To man, all hell in him pent up, leaps with
His fiendish elements, into a ready
Heart, which long had worshipp'd him, and to one
Horrid point he seeks to bring his long black
Catalogue of crime. The man he seizes,
He himself into a very fiend converts,
And arms and nerves him for his murd'rous work,
His foul commission places in his hand,
Or rather, lodges it, deep in his heart.
The base assassin is sustain'd by hell,
Which howls a loud applause, and sends him forth.
The Prince of Darkness lights his passions up,
And with a fiendish madness fires his soul,
Then in the fury of his power, bids him
Haste, with nice precision points his dang'rous
Course, and with uncertain daring tells him,
The last pregnant hour is come !

Satan, betrays

Despair.

Hear him !

" All ! all I can, is in

" Thy hands !

" Go ! fly to yonder brilliant scene,
" He's there.
" Unwillingly !
" But there he sits,
" Amidst the splendid throng, in high festiv'ty,
" Haste ! haste ! for thou long hast known the way,
" I now have fill'd thee with my greatest pow'r,
" Our hosts invisible shall follow thee,
" Hold fast, point well the weapon of my power,
" My ev'ry hope, upon thee hangs !
" Time now,
" Is all !
" Haste ! drive through all, and plant thyself,
" Behind the victim of my deepest hate."
Fiends, cowards are, they cannot, dare not, face,
They basely slink behind.
Onward he rushes,
Faithful he keeps his bloody task in view,
The dastard's dagger in his fiendish hand,
He, snake-like creeps behind, to where he would,
And through the noble victim's vital parts,
Sends the swift messenger of death.
Great God !
Thy servant, LINCOLN, falls !
We bow to thee !
Alarm, confusion, fright, now seize on all ;

Grand bursts of deepest horror all o'erwhelm;
One half, not knowing aught, look on in mute
Amaze, bewilder'd at the scene, until
A universal roar of grief comes on.
And anguish seizes on the mighty mass.
Meanwhile, all thoughts and hearts in highest whirl,
The fiend escapes—he flies, but cannot fly
Himself; he, bounding, all o'erleaps; Hell lends
Him wings of flight, but they are heavy with
His guilt; the all-confounding pangs of Hell
Are on him, and his being rend; yea, he
Himself is hell; where'er he goes is hell;
Already doth he feel its burning flames,
Whose fiery scourges send infernal stings
Through all his soul. His bloody hands, in deep
Damnation steep'd, droop, paralyz'd, nor serve
Him to rein up his steed of flight. On to
Destruction now he drives, hurl'd by the pow'r
Of the fiend he serves, which now his guilty
Dupe, with flaming curses whips, till, breathless
And confounded, all his being sinks into
A sudden wreck. His soul now lacerated by remorse,
Despis'd, and as a coward spurn'd by Hell
Itself, he ignominiously crawls
Into the shades of death, whence, head-long from
The earth, cover'd with crime, eternal justice
Hurls him to his place.

X.

Thus fell victoriously the sent of God,
A soul of loftiest, firmest, brightest truth!
Well might the earth now sigh. Mankind has lost
A friend; but truth is never slain. She only
Mocks the sword—her right is vict'ry; nor ever
Doth, nor ever can she yield to mortals.
She oft seems to fall; O no! she cannot
Die. She from eternity descends, nor ever
Could be reach'd by fire or sword.

The servant
Of the living God has sunk; but not one
Solitary ray of his own hopes is
Quench'd; he falls triumphantly—hearts break;
But yet the shout of victory is heard.
His blood pour'd out, renews the fiat of
The skies. Throughout the earth the voice of Heav'n
Now in louder thunder speaks, and tyrants
Quail; while by the blood of Lincoln, Heav'n bids
The earth be free!

Hear, and be glad, ye who
Can recognize the master's voice, and see
The hand that rules the age; chains now from ev'ry
Human form must fall. The course of nature
Now no longer must be clogg'd, nor trampl'd
Under foot—her laws, her sacred ties, henceforth,

By ruffian power never, shall be broke, nor
E'er her sov'reignty by hellish force dethron'd.
Shackles of despotism, whether by thrones
Or whips, or other grov'ling lust of rule,
Now by the righteous will of Heav'n, loud proclaim'd
And ratified by noble blood pour'd out,
Shall to the bottomless abyss be hurl'd ;
The night of tyranny is passing off,
And Liberty her glorious day brings on.
The fetters which on ev'ry int'rest hung,
Have by the self-same powers which put them on,
Been now for ever taken off.

So true,
The wrath of man, which oftimes fiercely dares
All right, is oftimes made to praise our God.
Such was the triumph of our fall'n Chief!
Th'infernal plan which wrench'd him from all hearts,
Yet other noble victims had mark'd out,
The mightiest of the nation's springs were doom'd ;
A sweep to bring down ev'ry hope was meant.
Deep in the firm foundations of a rising
Nation's hope, Hell had its might'st lever
Fix'd, and raging, from his centre, meant to
Tear the Sun.

A cloud of brilliant souls, inspir'd
Hate, and jealousy's intensest fires lighted

Up, for all now reel'd.

The mighty son of
Mars, whose gleaming sword had flashed its terrors
Through the opposing ranks, whose deep-laid plans had
All wall'd in, and sever'd every sinew
Of the foe, by murd'rous daggers had been
Pointed at; he who the roaring cannon
Had struck mute, whose calculating daring,
Had the wreath of vict'ry won, and of his
Country had become the pride, now by a
Snaky dastard is pursued. Deep laid, but
Base are all the plans of Hell; they dare, but
Oft by simplest means are foil'd; yea, oft its
Mighti'st aims, of very inanition
Fall. So here the purposes of Heav'n stood,
And to a grateful country its lov'd hero
Spar'd, to crown his conquests by now yielding
Up the sword, and healing hearts which in defeat
Were brave, though victims of a fatal course;
Henceforth the armed victor, armless, shall
His country raise to Freedom's glorious heights,
Beyond the reach of chains and slavery.

He too, who now is justly seated on
The righteous throne of a great people's will,
By hellish hate and fear was doom'd to fall;
Mark'd as the well-known foe of daring wrong--

A hater of the monster which had fill'd
His land with chains, and stain'd the glories of
Its liberties; but here, too, Hell was foil'd.
Heav'n's will had promptly interpos'd her shield,
And sav'd him, to rebuild and reconstruct.
The living stones for this grand work, lie scatter'd
O'er the land; materials fitted for our
Brightest hopes abound, though by confounding
War, into confusion whirl'd. Happy the
Seers of a people, who the hidden
Diamonds of the nation know; a nation
Shiver'd by its own great pow'r, and trembling
'Neath its own o'erwhelming weight, needed the
Choice of Heav'n, in hands, and hearts, and heads to
Amputate, adjust, and heal; and wisely
Shape the future course; yea, and she chooses
Whom she will—her plans from mortal gaze are
Hid; and yet to cheer us 'midst the night of
Time, faint glimpses oft upon our senses
Strike, which all our feeble powers overwhelm,
Leaving convictions of a pow'r supreme.

Hell, then, again was baffl'd in her foul
Intent—these fiends were not allow'd to quench
The nation's hope—enough that one great victim
On the nation's altar laid. Hence, as by
Miracle, the Vice-Chief shunn'd the death-aim'd
Stroke; for Heav'n meant in him to bless th' age,

And told him live ! and build the Temple of
Eternal right, where all mankind in spirit
Might adore. Where, from the altar too, he
Might proclaim to th' whole earth, unbounded liberty,
Within the range of righteous law !

Great shall
That nation be, whose course is steer'd, by truth
Immutable, and whose just laws proclaim,
Its majesty, the people's heart its throne ;

Yet, well nigh was the nation's polar star
Put out, first of the constellations of
The age, a star which high antiquity,
Had, Seward nam'd ; and which the pow'rs of darkness
Had toil'd hard to quench—or from its lofty
Firmament of truth to wrench. He, like th' ancient
Star of Bethlehem, had long stood over
Where eternal truth appear'd, a star of
Brilliant magnitude, which long through darkness
Had diffus'd, unwelcome rays, and thus had
Horrified the trembling Herods of the day,
Who like their murd'rous prototype, sought ev'ry
Life to slay, so that of tyranny might hold.
But yet in vain they rage ; the nation's star
Yet shines, and from a well-earn'd el'vation
Pours his light, the glory of his Peers in
Truth—he by an honest influ'nce, a sceptre

Sways ; the ruling error of the day has
Felt his strong annihilating power,
The spirits that warr'd for chains have found in him
A foe, and felt the power of his arm.
Their well-aim'd darts flew thick and fast, but all
Fell short ; screen'd by a hand Divine, he, as
By fire, escap'd. Frightful and daring was
The murd'rer's howl. He rushes, knife in hand,
And through a noble son's strong shielding heart,
Sought hard to drive ; who bravely life for life,
Had giv'n in that hour.

Now, on his helpless victim leaps the fiend,
And all his hellish powers brings to bear.
Hell here, its madness drove beyond itself.
Oh ! what a bloody scene, with this foul slave
Of Hell, he murders, fights, and howls for Slav'ry ;
See how in eager haste he turns, and twists
The bloody steel; he labours at his damning
Work ; he tears wide open, and digs deep into
The yawning gash, and seeks with madd'ning haste
The vital vein which lets out life. Moments
Were hours, and the savage monster fled :
Sure he had driven from the field, his foe ;
But the blest unseen watcher, had said, no !
I here damnation's fiery waves arrest,
And with them, Death and Hell drove back again,
Saving the servant of his country's hope ;

Thus he, whose clear prophetic vision had
Foretold, the ' conflict irrepressible,'
Now felt the power of his own deep thoughts.
Deep were the wounds, of these confounding blows,
Yet glorious was the bloody victory.
Heav'n often flings us, in blest triumph, on
Our knees, and shows us that our conquest is
Of God.

Thus rose from Death, one of the armless
Soldiers of the age; and rising, join'd the
People's thrilling shouts of gratitude to Heav'n;
For well he felt, this glory was of God,
And prophesied again unto the world.
He, like the faithful watchman at the bows
Ne'er sleeps, and still, of threat'ning danger warns.
The triumph of an honest man is great,
When only simple truth his cause maintains,
But when the arm of Heav'n is made bare,
Spite of himself, to snatch him from the grave,
The lustre, is of greater glory still.
The right hand of eternal power was here.
Fierce were the plunges of the dastard's knife,
Within a hair's breadth, had he dug of life;
But often, Hell its own infernal plans
Confounds, and in its fury, fails to reach
Its mark, and finds itself plung'd back again,

Into its own abyss.
Ah! true, there is
A Great Infallible; unerring are
His ways; who swerves from him, becomes a star
From its own centre broke, and wanders into
Endless night.

XI.

All hail, great LINCOLN! thy grand task,
Thy high commission, given thee of God,
Is well fulfill'd; thy Master needed thee—
He train'd thee in the school of his own choice,
And himself, rais'd thee to the height sublime,
Of his own will; he knew, his ABRAH'M would
Be faithful to his trust, and meant to bless
The world in him. Yea, heav'n with fire bapitz'd
Thee for her work, and through thy being sent,
The glow intense, which temper'd all thy soul
With strength, and rais'd thee to the level of
Thy work, nor aught astonishes from such
A source, well might rare souls from such a college
Spring, a building where the walls are all made
Up of thought, intell'gence, and living souls,
Whose ruling President, was God himself.
Such was thy college, LINCOLN, and thy Master
Such, who pour'd into thy soul a stream of
Life, and made the vigor of thy being

His own truth and love.

Philos'phy's bright light,
To thee was doubtless sweet, but the far brighter
Light of Heav'n itself, was needed here. Hope,
Courage, faith, and love, thy springs and pillars
Were, all human springs in this great work, temper'd
By aught of man, had fail'd; a LINCOLN's conscience,
And a LINCOLN's heart, with God enthron'd in
Them, might lead, and bear a un'verse, but all
Beneath eternal power, must sink.

Great was the burden of thy country's woes,
But well thy master knew his strength in thee.
Yet deep and many, were the furrows of
Thy lofty brow, for Heav'n tests all the strength
Which she bestows, and to the utmost tries
Our faith.

Thou didst live rapidly, thy term
In pow'r, was a whole life-time, for a common
Man; but age ne'er touch'd thy mental powers;
Thy soaring soul was ever young—the vision
Of a brilliant future fir'd thee, and ever
Kept thee up. Before thee stood a future
Universe, unchain'd, and every soul of Adam
Free! Hope was thy ever-glowing element.
Yet did thy being bow, beneath its load,
Chosen by Heav'n thou, for this great work.

Thine were the only shoulders, fitted for
This mighty weight of care, and woe. Thine, too,
The only heart, where dwelt the elements
To be call'd forth.

Well had thy Master strengthen'd
Thee, to grapple with the foe; and from thy
Country's bow'ls, the foul serpent to drag out;
Which on its vitals had long gnaw'd, and on
The greatness of a mighty people, hung,
Like a true, with'ring incubus of Hell.
No greater monster ever curs'd our earth,
No power more debasing e'er was felt;
Nor ever were the fires of jeal'sy more
Intense, or pride of power, of a bolder
Type. Unbounded daring mark'd this Hell-born
Pow'r; but Heav'n had frown'd upon her, Oft had
She stung, and sought to cripple all thy soul;
But thou by Heav'n wast arm'd throughout—thy mind
Well balanc'd, and thy heart well ton'd. Yea well
Thy country knew, that thou wast true to God,
And true thou wast, till thy great Master said,
It is enough! well done! faithful and good! And bade
Thee gather up thy feet, and enter into
Rest.

He, to the realms of immortality
Has fled—why should the earth be sad? He, to

Mortality is lost; but he has gain'd
The prize, and scal'd the heights of life. Deep and
Unfathom'ble are the ways of God; yet
Would vain man attempt to sound these mighty
Depths, and venture judgment on the ways of
Heav'n. But he who fears, and loves the righteous
Hand that smites—whose soul adores th' Infinite,
Knows all things work for good, to those, who shape
And steer their course, by conscience, truth, and God.
The light intense, which by its brightness blinds,
Only our weakness clearly demonstrates.
Yet mortals, far to weak to gaze upon,
The full bright orb of high eternal truth,
Cite oft the Infinite before their doubts;
A sparrow falls, an atom from its centre
Seems to fly, a mountain reels, and planets
Burst. To mortals one is nought, the other
Overwhelming; but to the Infinite,
The mountain and the atom are alike.
He knows the details of his universe;
Sparrows and atoms are all known to Him.
He rules them as the Mountain and the Sun!

A Lincoln, therefore, falls not unobserv'd:
His fall, is part of some all-wise design,
Which mortals dare not judge, and cannot know;
Nor aught of guilt in crime is chang'd, or roll'd

Away from man, because the Infinite
Was there. A lie, can ne'er be truth, and darkness
Never can be light. Truth is immutable.
Hence, he who slew this chosen one of God,
Was foul, and dark as Hell. Crush'd 'neath the weight
Of his own guilt, he ceas'd on earth his crimes.
Yet from the lashings of his own remorse
He 'scaped not, no reasoning could ease
Him, in his self-inflicted pangs, O wretch!
No stoicism could convert him to
A stone. A man, he is; and such, with all
His pow'rs of conscience, reason, and all else,
Must be. He struck his conscience mute, and dar'
Himself. His reason he put out, and stunn'd;
Nor from its just tribunal, aught would heed.
His guilt must then remain; nor aught is chang'd,
Because the Infinite was there, and ev'ry
Crevice of his soul well knew. He, monster,
His own Maker dar'd. His blood is on him.

Here, then, truth in simplicity stands forth;
The Master but recall'd his servant to
Himself; nor aught more evident, or oft
Occurs, than darkness serving light, or error
Starting forth the truth. The murderer, who hastes
His victim's flight to realms of bliss, is foul.

Thrice glorious is that great victorious fall,

Which triumphs on the bended knee of truth!
But oh, how foul that power, sustain'd alone
By crime, which only lives, when others groan
And die; whose dignity is in a slave,
Whose highest glory is the murd'rer's hand,
Whose greatest triumph is the blood pour'd out,
Of innocence; which neither thrives nor stands,
Nor lives, nor breathes, but by the foulest, fiercest
Of all tyr'nnies; whose high prosperity
Is found by with'ring all of great in man,
And from his being, ev'ry righteous feeling
Tramp'ling out; whose wealth, ador'd and idoliz'd,
Is but the dregs and drainings of unwilling
Toil, wrench'd by the lash, which he who whirls degrades
And he who suffers fills with Hell. Save me,
Great God! from wealth soak'd in a mother's tears;
From wealth from out her very bowels torn.
Yea, save me from the pow'r which sells mankind—
Which sneers at black humanity in woe,
And in the howlings of the wretched finds
Its bliss, rioting in its bloody wealth.
If this be not Hell upon Earth, what is?
Great was the soul that such damnation from
The earth could sweep: that boldly could rise up,
And shake the sceptre of eternal right,
Over such deep-damn'd wrong, that to such forces,
In the name of Heaven could say, be gone!

LINCOLN, thy name shall e'er be great. Thou wast
All mercy to thy foes, revenge was not
In thee. Thy heart was pure, thy aims were right;
And all thy country's blood and treasures were
Pour'd out for this. Yea, thou hadst drain'd a universe,
To rid the earth of wrong, and bring about
The reign of right. Nor ever heart bled freer
At its country's woes. Hate dwelt not in thee;
Thy greatest glory was eternal love.
Ah! in that hour supreme, had speech been thine,
Thou, like the Son of God, hadst pray'd
Father,
Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
Thine was an iron, but forgiving soul,
With resolution clad, yet open to access,
Firm to thy righteous purpose and thy arm;
Yet to the claims of mercy, ever true.
As for thyself alone, thou didst not live,
So for thyself alone, thou didst not die.
The bearing of thy life, was liberty;
Thy soul was open to its noblest charms,
Thou would'st thy people raise, to all its height,
And, ABRAHAM-like, by them thus bless the world.
Far was the reach of thy grand purposes,
Thou would'st the nation's energies string up,
And fill her with a mighty moral pow'r,
That she herself might burst her ancient bonds,

And trample under foot, opposing bolts
And bars, to all that leads to greatness and
To God. Well didst thou aim thy blows, at all
Of wrong. Intense was thy sincerity.
Thou didst thy own great seal of blood affix
To all thy heart had purpos'd to work out.
Great was the triumph of thy glorious fall;
Thine enemies, dragg'd ruin on themselves.
The fiendish violence which ran thee through,
Confounded and o'erwhelm'd thy mighty foes;
Their madness on themselves recoil'd; they reel'd,
Were thunder-struck, confounded, and thus stagg'ring
Came down themselves, with mountain weight, upon
The gates of liberty, and burst them open
To th'astonished world, never, no, never,
To be closed again. They from their very
Hinges now have fled; both bond and free, have
Shaken off their chains. The sons of Ham have
Started into life, and suddenly were men,
While their old guards, of whiter hue, have lost
Their ancient gates, and fled.

Yea, immortal'ty
Exists in truth and right; hence, Washington
Still lives; his thoughts, his views, his soul, are yet
Great powers at work; they still the nation move.
Nor is the mighty Cobden gone. The strong

Resistless lever of his giant mind,
For many a generation yet unborn,
Will move the world. O no! such lights can ne'er
Go out: truth must, and will, for ever live.
Hence ABRAHAM now, in his own Andrew lives,
Whose soul has long been pledg'd to liberty,
Who freed himself by setting others free,
Thus tasting with a keener sense the sweets
Of liberty. The freeman is not free,
While slaves are hanging on his soul: he shook
Them off, and then was free! Unshackl'd now,
He soars, and bids the nation's soul expand;
He sweeps away the stubble and the straw;
He looks to the foundations of the people's
Hopes; he bids them ev'ry fetter clear away.
He would eternal right should be the ground
Of all, and thus rebuild and reunite,
On principles imperish'ble, a nation,
Born to prove that liberty well understood
Would place the world on the high road to peace
And happiness.

LINCOLN then lives; his soul
Commands. He fell, but not the fabric which
He built; yea, he went home to God, but left
A host of mighty spirits, that fill well
His place, that caught his spirit, and his plans

Approv'd. Th'ennobling tear of friendship, on
Him fell; all hearts yearn'd over him, and felt
The blow that brought him down; but grief is not
Despair, the millions whom he freed, weeping,
Rejoice, and their poster'ty, with burning
Gratitude, shall bless his name!

Say not, he
Could not otherwise, necessity compell'd
His course; say rather, at necessity,
His love of liberty, here, leap'd for joy.
Yea 'twas Omnipotence that broke the chain.
Yet not less true, the heart of LINCOLN was,
To God; he heard his master's voice, and he
Obey'd; he saw the eye that guided him,
And follow d on; he laid his reas nings, at
His master's feet.

Hark! as he sinks triumphant
Shouts burst forth from gushing hearts. The battle
Is the Lord's; the pow'rs of Hell are foil'd. Man
Now is man, of ev'ry hue and tongue; earth
Rings, from pole to pole, with songs of victory;
The work is done; by faith, the daring mountains
Have been hurl'd into the sea; impossibil'ties
Have sunk, beneath Omnipotence!

And you,
Ye sons, on whom your father's mantle falls;

Ye souls now pledg'd, by blood, to liberty;
Your Heav'n-sent commission, is before you,
Written with ink, drawn from the nation's veins.
Read it, and let it sink into your souls.
High is the charge which Heav'n confides to you;
Sublime the work, he calls you to perform;
Nought is too high, when Heav'n leads the way;
Nor aught too great, for those who lean on God.
A nation high, in honest liberty,
Is high in honest pow'r; and rising, lifts
The world. Despising arms, she seeks, and finds
A higher power.

Hear, then! for he, though dead
Yet speaketh still. Listen, ye mighty spirits
Whom he left.

XII.

"Your institutions and your laws,
"Now cleans'd by blood and tears, with nought to weigh
"Them down, or their foundations sap, maintain!
"They now, are more than ever great and dear;
"Above and far beyond the reach of arms,
"They wield a power, omnipotent. Let them
"By their own weight and force, work out their ends.
"The frowns of despotism are nought to them.
"They, error shall crush out, unstain'd by blood.

" Right, by its nature, terrifies all wrong.
" Enough that they exist, their element,
" Their breath, is power, not assum'd, innate ;
" Beneath their quiet, life-inspiring shade,
" All human energies unfold their strength,
" Nature itself smiles out, and science soars.
" Hope sheds on all the future, glorious light,
" And cheers humanity.

" Ye sons of Washington,
" Your Institutions save, but not by pride.
" Surround them by simplicity and truth,
" Wall them all in, by living faith in God.
" Let christian souls be free, and they are strong ;
" All else, are lame, untrue, and blind, and weak,
" Unable to support a nation's weight,
" Of high prosperity, and flowing wealth,
" Which only true humility and faith
" Can bear.

" Convince mankind, that honest law,
" Freedom and truth, form all the dignity
" We need on earth ; the Robe of Honor is
" Eternal truth ; the ermine is true purity
" Of soul. Truth, through all error sweeps,
" Her swordless way : nought can resist her pow'r ;
" Nor doth she need, the glare of mortal arms :
" She to the world gives confidence and peace ;

" She bears down with a nation's weight, all wrong.
" Yea, to the whisp'ring spirit of the times
" Give ear ; for he who rules, shows oft his hand,
" And oft in great events speaks loud and clear.
" Keep open, eyes, and ears, and hearts, to God ;
" Follow his leadings, he will lead you on.
" Rise ! rise ! The vigor of a nation's youth,
" Is great ; all is before you ; never cease,
" To rise. Free and unfettered, now ye are.
" No withering incubus now weighs you down.
" Nor suffer evermore, the shackle or
" The chain ; the wings of liberty are spread.
" Your Press, with every tongue is free ; your arms
" Are young ; your hearts in highest glow ; your hopes
" Are bright ; be all your motives sound and true
" To God and man. All nature, with her cares
" And boundless stores, are yours ; go with the key
" Of Science in your grasp, and search these realms
" Of wealth ; unlock these treasures, now long hid ;
" Bring them all forth, and pour them out in commerce,
" On mankind ; yea, let them by your energies
" Flow forth, by sea and land.

" Your recompense
" Shall be,
" The Earth's applause, the smile of God !"

On Albion's ancient shores, great hearts and true
Swing with a noble beat in freedom's cause.
The ancient May-Flower's fires are burning still,
Nor ever can, by aught on earth, be quench'd;
Rather they glow with ten-fold power and heat:
Still many an ardent soul strides thence across
The deep, to mingle with the element
They love, and blow the holy, elevating
Flame of pure fraternal love; responses
Alternate athwart the deep, and strengthen
Ties innumerable of int'rest and blood.
Great spirits of the age, from both shores to each
Other call, and almost tête-á-tête converse,
Exchanging thoughts which move the world, touch all
Its springs, and send on bounding every hope
Of man; thus urging each the other on
In vast developments and enterprises
Which astound th' earth. Let but these mighty spir'ts
Blend in light and wealth and pow'r: Let them unite
To break the fallow ground of all the earth,
And snap the galling fetters of mankind;
Let them breathe into wither'd man the breath
Of life, and fill him by their energy
With pow'r: Let them together hold aloft
The torch of truth, and send its cheering light

O'er all the earth : Yea, let them draw by lure
Of Science, Commerce, Arts, and all of Truth,
The nations into universal brotherhood.
Why fear ? why doubt ? for man, through all the earth,
Is man—his Universal Father, God !
Let them then sweep away the night that wraps
The world. Grand are the powers; at their call
Th' imperishable wealth of truth is theirs.
Not that of mere philosophy, which, great
And good, yet freezes in the soul, but that
Of sweeter and more genial glow, which melts
Mankind into the mould of love. Let them
The glorious Sun of Reason, Christ, and Science
To its zenith send, and light o'er all the earth
Shall be ; nor think that swords to ploughshares never
Can be turn'd, or spears to pruning hooks. Yea,
Rise, " my people," rise ! for all is possible :
The Christian only dares thus speak : go forth,
Ye sons of everlasting truth—stand to
Your heavenly temper'd arms ; Justice her
Own eternal throne shall seize ; o'er all
The earth her righteous sceptre she shall sway,
Confounding darkness, and all else of wrong,
Till ev'ry son of Adam shall be free !